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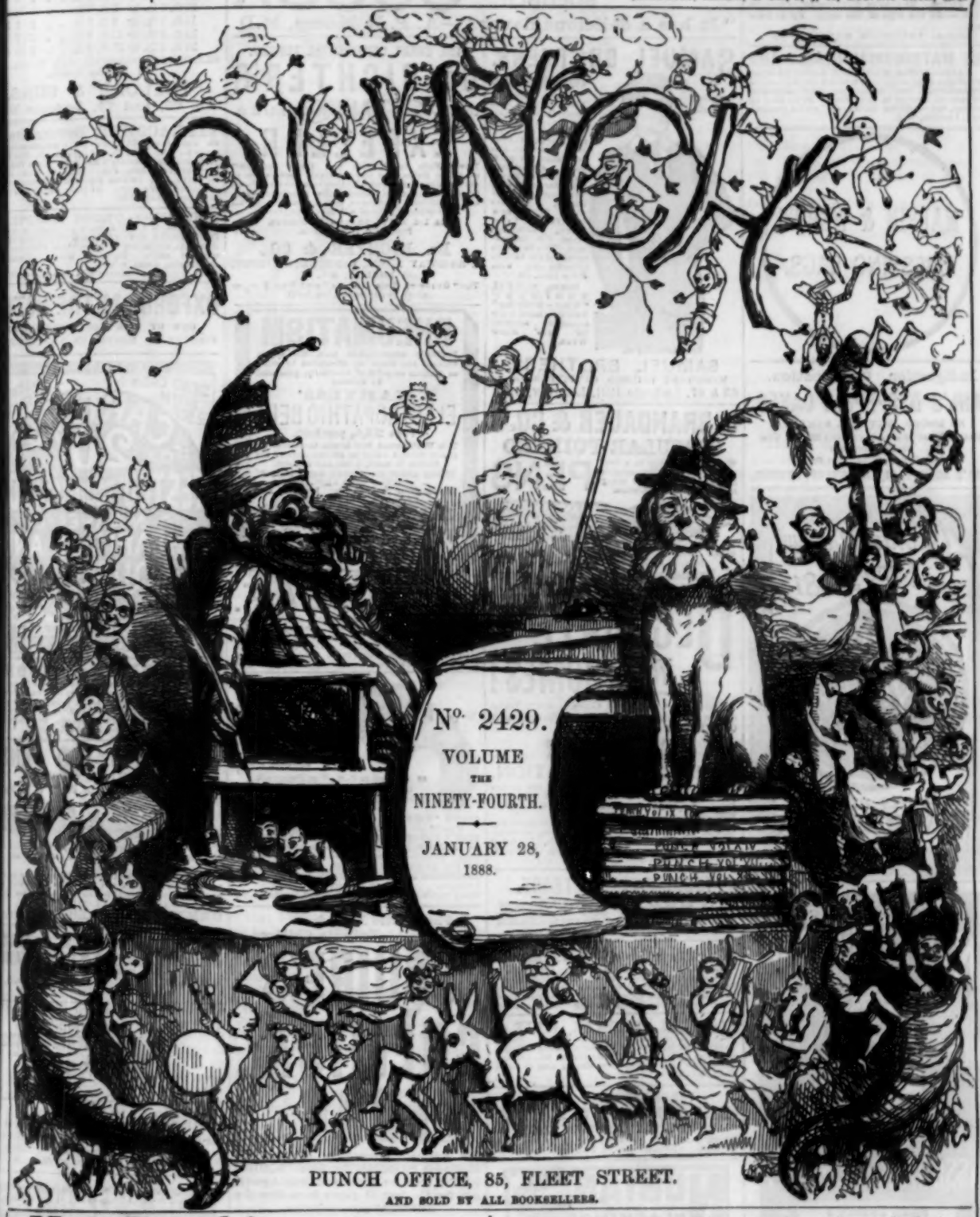

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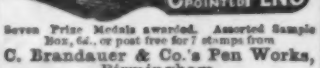

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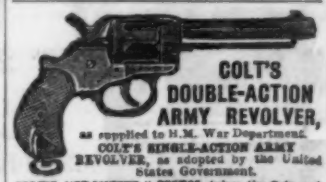

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ILFRACOMBE, Devonshire, is a desirable WINTER RESORT, occupying place for mild, equable, and dry climate. (See Meteorological Society's Record.) Mean Temperature for Nov., Dec., Jan., Feb., 44·1; Mean for ditto, 80; Lowest recorded Temperature, ditto, 20·0 (once only). At Nice, South of France for same period, 39·2.

CHARING-CROSS HOSPITAL, Strand, W.C.—The Council earnestly appeals for DONATIONS and ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS. A deficit, estimated at more than £6000, has to be met at once. Bankers, Messrs. Drummond, 49, Charing Cross, S.W.

ARTHUR E. READE, Secretary.

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BROUGHAM-HANSOM for private use, with Indiarubber Tyres and Coil Springs. The most exquisite Hansom in the world. Either open or closed. Light, roomy, and elegant. Sole Builders and Patentees, JNO. MARSTON & CO., Bradford Street, Birmingham. Drawings free. On sale at Baker Street Bazaar, London.

BALL-POINTED PENS. (H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

As used by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

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Six sorts, suitable for ledger, bold, rapid, or general writing. Assorted Box of 12 Pens for 1s. 6d., or with Ebony Anti-Blotting Penholder, for 2s. 6d. Post Free of all Stationers, or

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FOR SMOKING AND INHALATION.

SAVORY & MOORE, London.

And of Chemists everywhere.

"BRAYVO, 'ICKS!"

"I stand here for 'justice'—to Ireland."

NOT SO BAD AS IT SEEMS.

(An Echo from the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré.)

"What is now Lord LYTTON's official residence has been allowed to fall into almost squalid disrepair. The furniture and fittings would look shabby in a second-rate *pension*."—*St. James's Gazette.*

THE British Ambassador paced the room with thoughtful brow, pausing only now and again when one or other of his feet caught in a rent in the well-worn carpet.

"How can the signing of the Treaty be avoided?" he asked himself. "An hour's delay and the present Government will have fallen, and we should then have to deal with their successors! What do *you* do here?" The query was addressed to a young man who had silently entered the room.

"I have to apologise to your Excellency," replied the new-comer, respectfully, "for having presented myself before you without a signal, but the last time I knocked on the door the panel cracked beneath my knuckles. It is a wonder to me that you have been able to entertain in this ruinous place."

"How I did it is my own secret," said the Poet Diplomatist, nodding half scornfully, half goodnaturedly, and by a gesture inviting his visitor to place some papers he carried in his hands on a table.

"Again, my Lord, I ask pardon," continued the Private Secretary, for that was his position; "but I have my doubts about the advisability of following the course you seemingly propose. I have good reason for believing that were I to put anything on that table it would not bear it."

"And this new Treaty is no light matter," laughed the British Ambassador. "I wish therefore that I could delay its signature."

"The Foreign Minister is sure to be punctual. Ah! I hear his ring," and the Private Secretary looked out of the window. Then he stamped his foot with annoyance. "He has pulled the handle with sufficient force to break the bell-wire!"

"And you by your thoughtless impatience have driven your foot through the floor. See your leg is imbedded in the lath and plaster! You should be more careful!" was the angry response.

The British Ambassador had not time to offer further expostulation before the French Minister for Foreign Affairs presented himself.

"Your Excellency," said the Gallic Official, "I have brought the Treaty with me, which now awaits your signature."

"Are you quite sure it is all right?" drawled out Lord LYTTON, evidently bent upon prolonging the preliminaries of the interview.

"Quite sure, my Lord; if you will take a pen the matter can be settled at once," and the Frenchman began an anxious search for ink and paper.

"Are you sure you are authorised by your Government to do all this?" asked the British Ambassador, carelessly.

"A thousand times yes," was the Frenchman's reply. Then he continued, "See, I have laid out the document on that table, and all you have to do is to seat yourself on this chair, and sign it."

"Seat myself on that chair! Never!" cried Lord LYTTON, with a shudder. "Never!"

"Then I suppose I must give you a lead;" and the Frenchman smilingly sat down on the ancient chair. The Ambassador and the Private Secretary stood gazing at him transfixed with terror. Suddenly there was a shriek and a heavy fall. The chair had given way under the very considerable weight of the Frenchman, who was now lying in an undignified position on the floor. The two Englishmen immediately assisted him to rise.

"We really must apologise," began Lord LYTTON.

"Never mind apologies," replied the Gaul; "let us sign the Treaty."

"Too late!" said the English Ambassador, with his ear to a telephone. "I regret to inform you that your Government has fallen, and that you consequently are no longer in charge of the *bureau* of Foreign Affairs."

"Baffled!" hissed out the Frenchman, as he took his departure.

"Just in time," said Lord LYTTON; "just in time."

"That chair giving way under him was most fortunate," observed the Private Secretary.

"Yes," returned Lord LYTTON, solemnly, "the honour of England, nay, the peace of the World, have been protected by our defective furniture! Let us complain of it no longer."

And they did not.

UPON AMARYLLIS

Causing him some displeasure.

BY SEDLEY SPOUTER.

THEY told her, when a wayward child,
Her temper to deter,
A bogey man, unkempt and wild,
Would run away with her;
That richest quarry soonest falls
By simpering mien beguiled,
Till wide through fashion's gilded halls
Young AMARYLLIS smiled.

With frozen glee her growing fears
She struggled to restrain,
As through the uneventful years
She smiled, and smiled in vain.
And now she tries the infant plan,
And sulks the livelong day,
That so at least a bogey man
May carry her away.

"CELEBRITIES" NOT "AT HOME."

WE have just seen the first number of *Men and Women of the Day*, containing admirable photographs of Miss MARY ANDERSON, Lord HARTINGTON (Ex-Cabinet size), and Cardinal NEWMAN, quite the best we have seen of these Celebrities. If the series is equal to this first sample, it will be historically interesting, and most valuable as specimens of the Messrs. BARRAUD's photographic art. They do not say whether their intention is to give us one lady and two gentlemen every month, or to vary this proceeding occasionally, but the arrangement in this first number, with "Our MARY" between the Cardinal in a brown study, and Lord HARTINGTON, "himself to the life," that is in rather an awkward position and looking somewhat puzzled, and neither of them paying the slightest attention to charming *Perdita*, is decidedly humorous.

Cheerful!

WASN'T this a nice advertisement for the Christmas holidays? It was in the *Morning Post* (not the *Evening Post*—don't let there be any mistake about this, Sir ALGERNON) for December 30:—

GOVERNESS (English) for Three Children, eldest 15; must be a thorough disciplinarian and well able to administer corporal punishment; good salary; age about 24; write full particulars as to mode of inflicting punishment, also salary required; personal interview in London necessary.

Isn't that pleasant, Dr. BIRCH? Such advertisements ought to have a paper all to themselves,—say, for example, *The Whipping Post*.

Scent per Scent.

"JOCKEY CLUB" we know's a pleasant scent,
But now 'tis clearly honesty's intent
(And genuine sport of the result 's expectant)
That Jockey Club shall be—a disinfectant!

JUST WHAT MIGHT BE EXPECTED.—The *Odium Medicum* runs so high, that at one West-End Club, on a Homœopathist being put up as a candidate, the Allopathists banded together and "pilled" him.

Vale!

DENNING departs? Pleasure has *Punch* in penning
A fond farewell. "Give you good den'," good DENNING!

THE INDIAN MAIN.—A Bill before the Indian Legislature proposes to constitute cock-fighting an indictable offence. But is that pastime really so cruel as it is called? The cocks themselves like fighting, and, whilst living, they "live like fighting cocks."

THE GREAT FIGHT

Between the "Game Globule" (Grimthorpe's Novice) and the "Pharmacopœian Pet," ex-Champion Heavy Weight, Holder of the Allopathic Belt, &c., &c. A Tale of the "Times," retold in (more or less) Homeric Verse.

MUSE, sing of the merriest mill, between two pugilistical rivals,
That yet has been seen in the ring, in this season of fistic revivals!
Don't warble of SMITH and KILRAIN, or of SULLIVAN, known as the "Slugger,"
Their sets-to compared with *this* one are mere samples of tame hugger-mugger.
The tale is a tough one to tell, it needs some such a muse as MACAULAY's.
The gallant and genial GRIMTHORPE—himself a rare dab with his "mawleys,"
Got up this true sporting affair, he's the bravest and boldest of backers,
The lads that he got in the ring were a couple of regular crackers.
The "Pharmacopœian Pet"—*seniores priores*—a veteran,
Has got lots of fight in him yet, for a big 'un you'll scarce find a better 'un,
True he of late runs to flesh, is a trifle too beefy and lumpy,
And lovers of "science" may deem that his style's rather flashy and jumpy;
But he still has "a damaging right," so his backers at least are persuaded,
And quick "knocking out," his pet tactics, by weight and his inches are aided.
In fact he's a sort of a SULLIVAN, gassy and rather vain-glorious,
Full of disdain for his foeman, and cocksure of being victorious.
GRIMTHORPE's "Game Globule," *au contraire*, is rather a light-weight at present,
But quick on his pins as a cat, with a "left" far too hot to be pleasant,
As promptly the P. P. discovered; the P. P. of course forced the fighting;
He hasn't got much of a guard, so he goes in for rushing and smiting.

"LAPSUS LINGUÆ."

Parson (who is also an enthusiastic Amateur Photographer, his mind wandering during the Service). "AND NOW FIX YOUR EYES ON THAT MARK ON THE WALL, AND LOOK PLEASANT!"

His "mug" wore a confident smile, which some might esteem a bit bounceable;
These big 'uns are apt to be cocky, but even a Titan is trounceable.
P. P. will nurse the delusion that Novices such as our G. G.
"Ain't never no good." "Let him come," cried P. P., "and I'll knock him to Fiji!" [Pharmacopœia
And then the "Game Globule" *did* come, and faced him of the
With steadiness, stoutness and skill of which P. P. had scarce an idea.
To Fiji he would *not* be sent, and that fact gave the P. P. the fidgets;
And he "landed" the P. P. to-rights, and he dodged his redoubtable digits,
And GRIMTHORPE cried "Go for him, G. G.!" and G. G. most certainly went for him; [spanks P. P. meant for him.
He *ought* to have been soon "knocked out," but escaped the big
And P. P.'s proud backers waxed wroth, and they howled to their "Pet" to demolish him;
"Wire into him, P. P.!" they yelled; "bring your right into play, and you'll polish him."
They were awful big Pots, were those backers, Corinthians high and exclusive, [and abusive.
Who thought they were cocks of the walk, and to prove it were hot
Monopolists mighty, they fancied that Victory followed their banners
So much as a matter of course, that they didn't heed logic or manners.
Shake hands with a "G. G."? Oh! no. *Infra dig.* It was most condescending
To fight him—a summary way his confounded pretensions of ending.
And didn't he slog, their P. P.? "Mighty Cæsar, that *was* a pile-driver!
Oh! if it had *only* got home! But G. G.'s such a dodger and diver.
This Mill isn't what we expected; that GRIMTHORPE's a deadly deceiver.
He dares to administer gruel, who ought to be gruel-receiver.
Knocked out, the G. G.? Not at all. No; he round after round comes up smiling. [riling.
How many more rounds will the fight last? It's tiring and terribly
Best take the men out of the ring; the G. G., though a cad, is so clever
That if our P. P. is not pumped, it seems likely to go on for ever!"

AN ITALIAN PEACE-PRESERVER.

PHILADELPHIA should, to merit its name, be the abode of brotherly love. Nominally, just the place to go to for a peacemaker. Thereat, accordingly, the Italian Government has lately ordered a piece of ordnance which, it may be hoped, will answer its purpose in case of need—a pacificator in the shape of a pneumatic dynamite gun.

"This gun is to throw a shell containing 600 pounds of dynamite four miles. The work of construction has been begun."

When it shall have been completed, may the work of construction contribute *in terrorem* to render the work of destruction unnecessary. British War Office, please copy.

A Look Ahead.

(Taken after reading the account of recent Cricket in Australia.)

MOSES and TURNER, of New South Wales
Seem rattling good hands with the bat and the bails:
Every cricketing zealot in England's a yearner
To bowl against MOSES, or stand up to TURNER.
The Australian Team of this year, *Punch* supposes,
Will scarce turn out TURNER, and hardly miss MOSES;
And so, in advance, *Mr. Punch* gladly hails
TURNER and MOSES of New South Wales!

DISTURBANCES IN ROUEN CATHEDRAL.—The Vauriens are emulating the misconduct of the London Roughs who invaded Westminster Abbey, smoked pipes, sang songs, and so forth. Perhaps some of our nice people went over to assist. No wonder they were evidently "or the road to Rouen."

A SERIES OF RECENT ARTICLES IN THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."—*Articles de Luck's.*

MERELY TENTATIVE.—The Suggestion of a Try-on at the Admiralty. With two other Lords, they might have made it a Tryonvirate.

A SENSE OF PROPORTION.

"WA-WA-WA-WATHER FA-FA-FA-HA-HA-HOGGY, EH, TOM?"

"RATHER FOGGY? YES. BUT, MY DEAR JACK, YOU STAMMER TEN TIMES MORE IN LONDON THAN YOU DID IN NEWCASTLE, EVEN! HOW'S THAT?"

"LA-LA-LA-LA-LONDON'S TA-TA-TA-TEN TIMES AS BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BIG A P-P-LACE, YOU KNOW!"

"LESS THAN (MAN) KIND."

A Lubbocky sort of Fable.

"The familiar world which surrounds us may be a totally different place to other animals; to them it may be full of music which we cannot hear, of colour which we cannot see, of sensations which we cannot conceive."—Sir JOHN LUBBOCK on *The Senses of Animals.*

THE Fox and the Ass travelled along the blue roads running through pink grass and shaded by white barked trees covered with rainbow-hued leaves that towered miles high into the yellow-and-green-spots-plus-striped-raspberry-jam coloured sky.

"Ass," said the Fox, in a voice of thunder, that sounded like forty million bees singing an oratorio to the accompaniment of a double-barrelled steam-worked church organ, "what are those Men?"

"Fox," returned the Ass, in tones that made an Elephant, who was having a chat with a Black-beetle, scamper away in terror, "I fancy they must be persons who gain a precarious livelihood by attempting to please the rich."

The persons to whom allusion had thus been made were four in number. One had an orange face, the second a blue one, the third a green one, and the last, one of a colour it is impossible to describe, but which reminded the spectator of earthquakes, thunderbolts, and brass nails mixed together into a sort of mineral pea-soup with cough mixture and marmalade. They were seemingly expanding and compressing their cheeks, with a view to filling some curious looking instruments, miles long, with air.

"Ass," said the Fox, "these Men are what our Masters—ha! ha! ha! our *Masters!*—call a German Band."

"Fox," replied the Ass, "and those fools, our Masters—Masters! ho! ha! hum!—think they are only making a noise. We, on the other hand, are able to distinguish in this noise music that Men can never appreciate!"

Laughing in tones that reverberated for millions of miles, the two animals passed away from the country and entered the town. It was now quite dark to Mankind, but to the Fox and the Ass the light of the green moon shone as brightly as the sepia-brown sun. They entered a Picture Gallery and stood in front of a painting by Mr. WHISTLER.

"What is it called?" asked the Fox.

"A nocturne in yellow and black," replied the Ass.

"Oh, what magnificent hues!" cried the Fox, in an ecstasy of admiration; "look at that splash of pink liquorice, that daub of shot puce-vermilion tripe, that splutter of tawny-green-gamboge apple-tart!"

"Yes," returned the Ass, also in ecstasy, "and our Masters—ha! ha! ha!—our *Masters!* can see in this revelation no colour at all!"

The friendly couple then left the Art Gallery and entered a deserted reading-room. Instinctively (by a sense not possessed by mankind) they became acquainted with the contents of a thousand modern novels. Then they took up the magazines and acquired them. Neither of them went to sleep for a moment. Then they attacked the newspapers, wading through pages and pages of correspondence upon all sorts of the most uninteresting subjects. Finally they possessed themselves of the comments on the political questions of the day. They learned how TWIDDLEDUM was a villain and TWIDDLEDEE was a knave, and that both were fools.

"Ass," said the Fox, "are you satisfied with anything?"

"Not with many things," replied the Ass. "I agree with Mankind."

"But, Ass, are you satisfied with anything?" persisted the Fox.

"Well, Fox, on the whole, I think I am satisfied with myself."

"And that is a sensation that Mankind—our *Masters!* ha—ha—ha!—our *Masters!* cannot conceive!"

But, in spite of what the Fox had said, the Ass had a fellow-feeling for Mankind!

HONOURED IN THE BREACH.

THE Centenary of BYRON's birth, and no Celebration, no Statue, no Ode, no Oration, no anything! "Greek meets Greek," indeed, in honour of the hero of Missolonghi, but Englishmen seem too busy considering whether SHAKSPEARE wrote his own plays, to give a spare thought to the author of *Childe Harold*, which, perhaps they will presently attribute to Sir HUMPHRY DAVY! Happy BYRON, to escape the spasms of the Gushers, the speeches of the Notoriety-hunters, the libellings of the Image-makers! On such terms one would even be an Immortal Bard. For Immortality would be tolerable, but for its Centenaries!

LORD CHARLES'S FAREWELL.

(JANUARY 19.)

"TAR! TAR!"

"FAREWELL!" cries CHARLES.
"Away! away!
In the Government vessel I'll not stay.
I can't understand, in spite of your tips,
The Hamiltonnage of your ships.
So belay! belay! Lord SALISBURY,
Farewell, farewell to the Admiraltee!
If you experience doesn't teach,
You'll lose the sea as you've lost your *Beach.*"

"THÉÂTRE D'APPLICATION."—This sounds like real work. Capital notion this: a theatre,—not where you get seats by application for orders, oh, no,—but where the best classic works are performed by pupils of the Conservatoire before a mixed audience of subscribers. The Managers of this Theatre are the leading French Actors, who are also teachers of the histrionic art. With such a "Dramatic College" the English Stage might be given honorary rank as a profession. In England private enterprise would surely be an excellent substitute for Government subvention which the French Conservatoire possesses.

MASTER HAMLET MINIMUS AND HIS MOTHER.

Another Suggestion for Mr. Wilson Barrett.

A RE-MOVING TALE.

"A FAIRY stole your goods," quoth I, pleasantly interviewing WILSON BARRETT, after the sad loss he had sustained by a sham furniture-van driving off with what the other curate, the Rev. Mr. PENLEY, would have called his "goods and chat-tels."

W. B. shook back his ambrosial locks, as he replied, bitterly, "No Fairy, my friend, but a Van Demon was it who stole my properties. As *Shylock* hath it—or something very like it, if memory holdeth still its seat in this distracted brain—

"They take my house, when they do take the 'props'
That do sustain my house."

"To think, too," he continued, "that this caitiff, whom for want of a better name I will call GINGER—for he 's a hot 'un is GINGER——"

"Excuse me, W. B.," I observed, "but a most respectable professor of negro minstrelsy bears that appellation."

"I meant not him," replied the Tragedian, "I mean the Ginger-haired Gentleman who called at my house and had the effrontery to declare he came on my behalf."

"Yes, he called you 'the Guv'nor,'" I said.

"Precisely: and he told the serving-men that 'the Guv'nor's orders *were* orders.'"

"He was right there," I remarked. "You have kindly given me your orders before now, and I am bound to admit——"

"And so were they," interrupted the Manager.

"They were, and did so," I returned. "But I have advice for thee."

"Name it," he said.

"This it is," I went on: "produce a piece which turns upon——"

"Some theory of kleptomania?" he asked, disdainfully.

"No, W. B.," said I; "on no new theory, but on an abstraction. Let 'Willanous WILLARD' be the chief of the robbers; and in Act II. let him come with the van and steal the properties. In Act III. let him meet you playing the part of a Rural Dean (you will look excellently well in a shovel hat, encircled with a May garland,—an ideal Rural Dean), and be so overcome by your eloquence (SIMS and you together can concoct the cackle), that he restores you all your lost furniture."

"A striking dramatic situation!" exclaimed W. B., his fine eye in frenzy rolling like anything.

"And then the guilty creature sitting in front——"

"Aha! I see it all!" he cried, as if suddenly inspired.

"The guilty creature, sitting at that play,
Will hie him homewards, and repentant cry,
'I did the deed, the deed of deathless shame,
I stole thy "props!" I! "GINGER" is my name!
The name on me bestowed by cynic thee.
Now to thy house I hie me with a cart,
And all the furniture that once I borrowed
I render back again, so thou wilt pardon me.'"

"Bravo! *Encore!*" I shouted, enthusiastically.

He reappeared in front of the window curtain (behind which he had made an exit on finishing his speech), and bowed. Not having a wreath handy I threw him a button-hole. Again he bowed, and there were tears in his voice,—which can be produced by this great artist at a minute's notice, or less if ordered the day beforehand,—as he thanked me and began another speech.

"Stay," I said, politely interrupting him at the commencement. "Let me tell you, before I go, where you may seek your goods and chattels."

"Where? Oh, tell me!" he cried; "and how long, how long will it take me to get there?"

"Within the neighbourhood of Oxford Street there is a shop where is written up 'Old Furniture and Pictures restored.' Try that. Good day." So I left.

* Mr. W. BARRETT has evidently been studying Mr. ROBERT-BROWNING's most recent Jubilee verses.—ED.

GIVING THE ODDS—BAR ONE.

(*What it may come to if "Mr. Solicitor" has his way.*)

SCENE—*Interior of the Royal Courts. An Appeal being heard. Judges on the Bench. Members of the Combined Profession occupying seats once monopolised by the Bar.*

First Judge (*addressing Small Advocate*). We are not quite accustomed to the new state of things, but is it not usual for Barsolistors to wear robes?

Small Advocate (*aged* 16). B'leeve 'tis, m'Lud; but, fact is, I am here on behalf of Mr. JONES, the Barsolister, who is away serving a writ on a client, who requires special attention.

First Judge. I suppose you are Mr. JONES's Managing Clerk?

Small Advocate. No, m'Lud. Mr. BROWN, Mr. JONES's Managing Clerk is engaged in Chambers before a Chief Clerk, who is settling the remuneration of a receiver. Very important matter, m'Lud.

First Judge. Then, who are you?

Small Advocate. I am one of Mr. JONES's junior clerks, m'Lud.

First Judge. And what are your duties?

Small Advocate. Well, m'Lud, usually to assist in the sweeping out of the office, the writing of the addresses on the envelopes and such like. When I'm not doing that, I have the pleasure of addressing your Ludships.

First Judge. Has a junior clerk who assists in sweeping out the office as an ordinary duty the right of audience?

Second Judge (*after consulting authority*). Clearly.

[*He points out passage to his colleague.*

First Judge (*addressing Small Advocate*). I see that you have the right of audience. You can proceed.

Small Advocate. Thank you, m'Lud. As I was saying when your Ludship was kind enough to interrupt me—as I was saying, the other day I was reading a law book in master's chambers——"

Second Judge. Can you give the name of your authority?

Small Advocate. Well, m'Lud, to tell you the truth, I quite forget. I fancy it was RICHARDS or ROBERTS, or somebody who had a Christian name for a surname. The book was all about "Substantial Estates" I think. Yes, I fancy it *must* have been—*Roberts on Substantial Estates.* Something like that, you know, m'Luds.

First Judge. Could it have been *Williams on Real Property?*

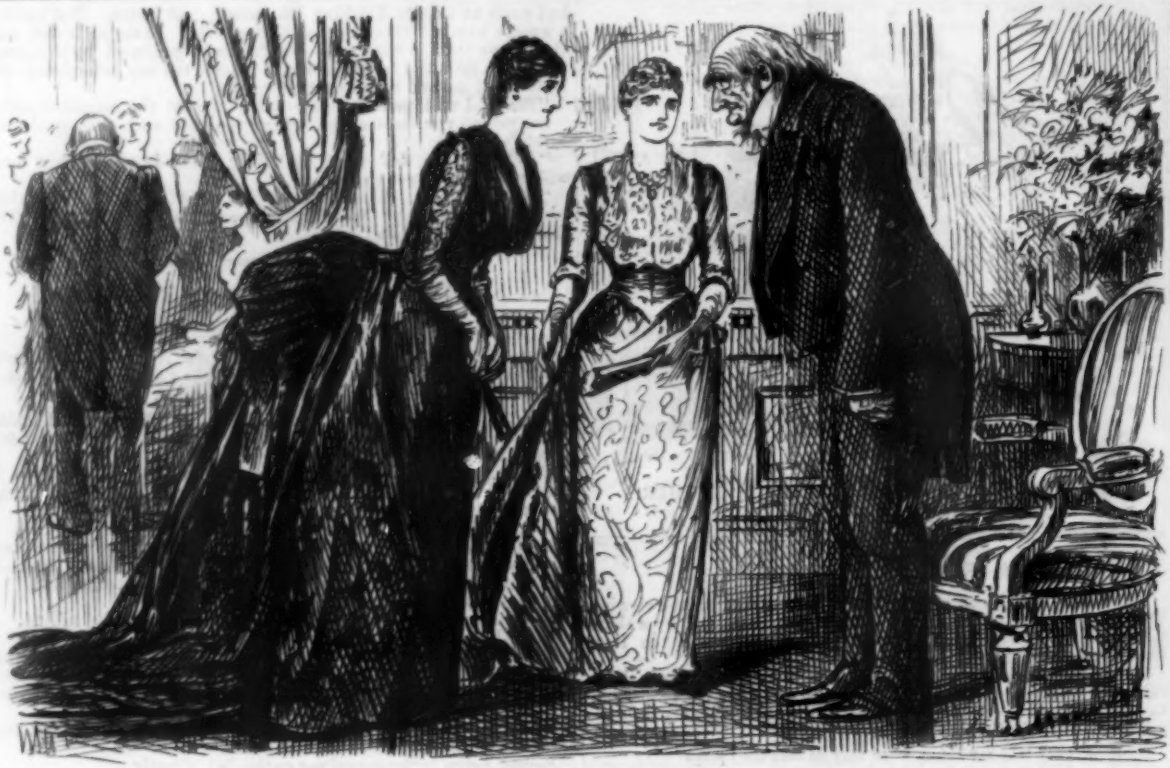
Small Advocate. Why, I do believe, m'Lud, you have hit the nail on the right head! Well, m'Luds, I read in this here book that waste was quite different in Law than in fact. So I believe my client was only exercising his just right when he cut down the wood in rear of the premises. He never wasted it, m'Luds, but sold it at a good price. [*Argues for an hour or so.*

First Judge (*at end of argument*). We shall give our decision on Tuesday week. (*Dead silence.*) Is there no other matter?

Aged Barsolister. Hem—ha—ho. B'lieve, m'Lords, no other case ready. Fact is, m'Lords—hem—ha—ho. Counsel otherwise engaged. Fact is, m'Lords—hem—ha—ho. One Barsolister is finishing a Bill of Costs, another receiving instructions about Marriage Settlement, and—hem—ha—ho—and a third examining Securities in a box at the Bank. My own learned leader, Mr. SILVERTONGUE, Q.C., is at this moment—hem—ha—ho—particularly engaged. Fact is, m'Lords, Mr. SILVERTONGUE, Q.C., is acting as a man in possession during the temporary absence of the representative of the Sheriff.

First Judge. As there appears to be nothing further on the paper, we must adjourn, but I cannot help pointing out that the mixing of functions, once kept distinct, causes at times considerable inconvenience. [*Scene closes in on the adjournment.*

OLLENDORFF FOR THE GROSVENOR.—We hear that a dinner is to be given by some artistic sympathisers with Sir COUTTS LINDSAY in his recent Grosvenor Gallery difficulties. The following form of interrogatory by way of invitation may possibly find favour with the Grosvenor Gallery-ites—"*Voulez-vous Hallé au diner?*" "*Je ne sais pas; mais à quelle heure?*" "*A sept heures moins un Carr.*"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"OH, I AM SO PLEASED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, MR. M'GRUMP! I HAVE HEARD OF YOU AND YOUR WORKS FOR EVER SO LONG—THE LAST TEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS, I AM SURE!"

"YOU MIGHT HAVE HEARD OF ME AND MY WORKS FOR THE LAST *FIFTY* YEARS, MADAM!"

THE NEW "JUNCTION."

SCENE—*Signal-Box on the Amalgamated T. and L. U. Lines, at the new St. Stephen's Junction.* First *and* Second Pointsmen *are discovered "taking a look round."*

First Pointsman. What a lot of levers!

Second ditto (*stolidly*). Ah!

First ditto. I wish you wouldn't always say "Ah!"

Second ditto. Oh!

First ditto. Hang it all, nor "Oh!" neither. I hate a monosyllabic mumchance sort of a chum.

Second ditto. Well, you'll have plenty of polysyllables presently, if that's any comfort.

First ditto. Who'd be a Pointsman? (*Sings.*)

When a Pointsman is engaged in his employment,——

Second ditto. His employment,

First ditto. And attending to his levers and his dials,——

Second ditto. And his dials,

First ditto. His facilities for innocent enjoyment——

Second ditto. 'Cent enjoyment,

First ditto. Are restricted. 'Tis the terriblest of trials——

Second ditto. 'Blest of trials.

First ditto. Our emotions we, of course, must sternly smother——

Second ditto. Sternly smother,

First ditto. When this most important duty's to be done——

Second ditto. To be done.

First ditto. But, take one consideration with another,——

Second ditto. With another,

First ditto. A Pointsman's life is *not* a happy one.

Both. When this very urgent duty's to be done,

To be done,

A Pointsman's life is *not* a happy one!

First ditto. Ah! well adapted, well sustained. I feel a little better after that burst. Oh! if we could only more often take a Gilbertian view of our business! But it's too serious for that.

Second ditto. Humph!

First ditto. Hang it, HARTY, there you are again!

Second ditto. Haven't moved yet, SOLLY.

First ditto. Never *do* move till you're driven to it. Well, well, we've got our work out out here. Now that your Company is to run its trains over our lines the traffic will be more tangled than ever—blocks more likely, collisions more difficult to avoid.

Second ditto. And more necessary to *be* avoided. By, Jove, if we get colliding now, we *shall* make a mess of it.

First ditto. Yes. Let's see (*looking at levers*); must keep a special eye upon that "Local" train; touch-and-go thing to work *that* in safely, I expect. Ah! (*Sings.*)

When the "Flying Irishman," is not a flying,——

Second ditto. Not a-flying,

First ditto. When the "Scotch Express," is not before it's time——

Second ditto. 'Fore its time,

First ditto. There'll be lots of casual "Specials," which are trying,——

Second ditto. Which are trying.

First ditto. And the telegraphs go clicking like a chime,——

Second ditto. Like a chime.

First ditto. I'll be bound that "Local" leads to lots of bother,——

Second ditto. Lots of bother.

First ditto. Could we shunt it—which we can't—it *would* be fun——

Second ditto. Would be fun.

First ditto. Yah! Take one consideration with another,——

Second ditto. With another,

First ditto. A Pointsman's life is *not* a happy one.

Both. When our complicated duty's to be done,——

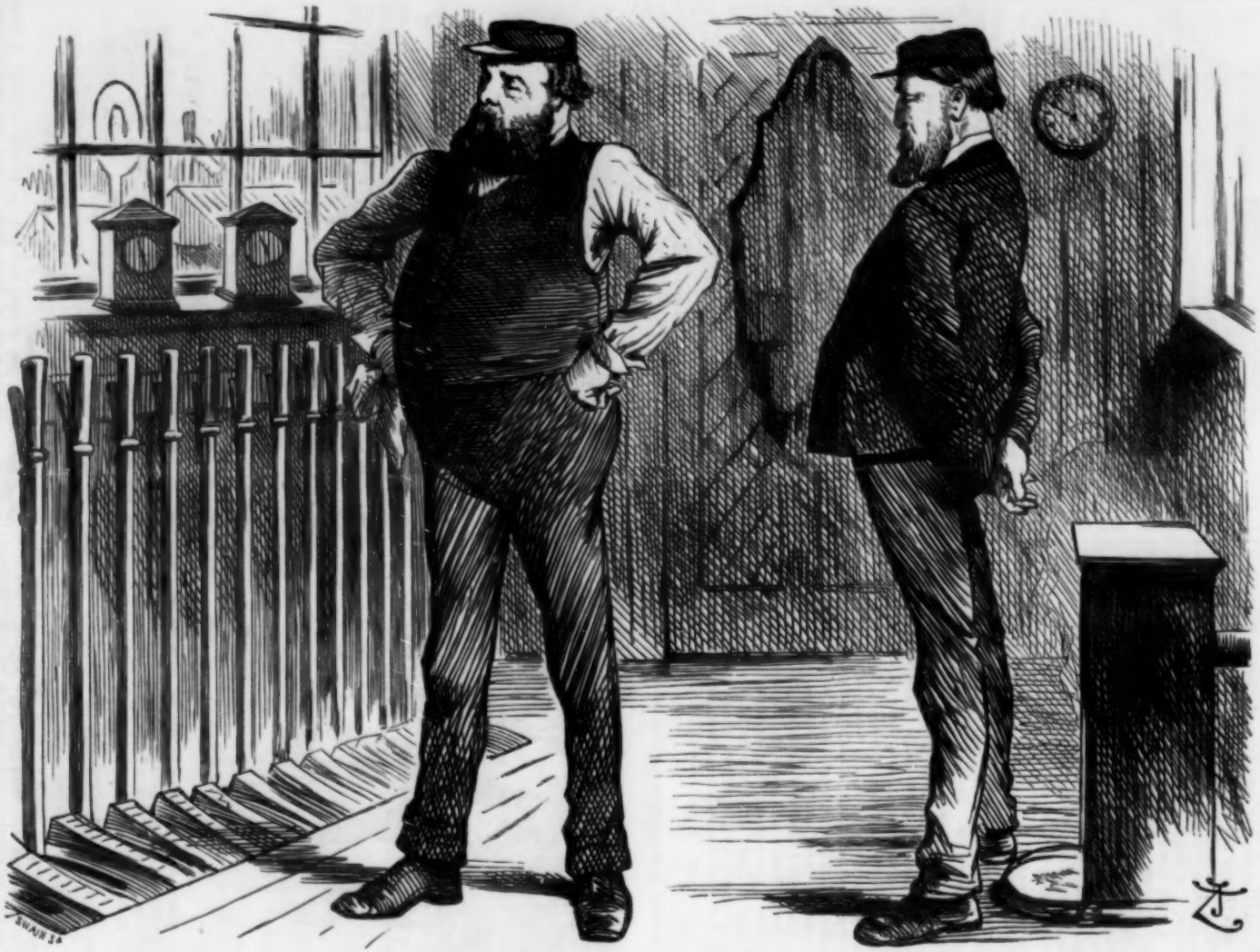
To be done,

The Pointsman's life is not a happy one——

Happy One!

First ditto. I thank thee, SULLIVAN, for teaching me that song.

Second ditto. Yes; but we mustn't be piping it too often or too loud. Might rouse suspicion, you know, and if it reaches the ears of the drivers and guards, might make 'em lose faith in you—and me—which would never do.



THE NEW "JUNCTION."

FIRST POINTSMAN (*hopefully*). "YES; WE'RE AMALGAMATED—BUT I MUST KEEP A SHARP LOOK OUT WHEN THE TRAFFIC BEGINS!"
SECOND POINTSMAN (*stolidly*). "SO MUST I!!"

First ditto. Phew! Roused out of "Ahs!" and "Humphs!" at last! But you're right, HARTY, my boy, you're right. When business begins Bab-ballading must cease. And the time's at hand. The first parliamentary is nearly due. Now that our two Companies are comfortably amalgamated, we ought to do good business. But I must keep a sharp look-out when the traffic begins.

Second ditto. So must I! [*Left looking out sharply.*

A NEW LIGHT.

WE should like to ask a question, which deeply affects our social and political life, respecting Mr. GRAHAME, Mr. BURNS, Mr. HYNDMAN, and all the Socialistic and Communistic leaders whose words and deeds exercise so pernicious an influence on the uneducated. The

Entirely New Finale for a Pantomime.

question is this—*Were they, in their youth, taken regularly to see Pantomimes?* If so, their estimate of the Police Force generally, as exemplified by their and their followers' treatment of "Bobbies," is distinctly traceable to these early lessons given them by Messrs. Clown and Pantaloon. There is no such effective teaching as that by example, and the example set, even in the most brief modern harlequinade, by everybody's outrageous conduct towards the Policeman, is simply sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.

As in any rightly constructed melodrama poetic justice is always satisfied, and the detective, however he may have failed during four Acts, invariably succeeds in arresting the scoundrel in the fifth, so a Pantomime ought to finish with the triumph of Right and Might, in the person of the Policeman, over low cunning and outrageous resistance to all authority, as embodied by the Pantaloon and Clown. The influence for good that pantomimic teaching might thus convey is incalculable. Prevention is better than cure; formation of character is better than reformation. Let us begin at the beginning—with Pantomime.

LEGISLATION FOR THE SESSION.

LOCAL Government mustn't stop the way. Let there be one Bill brought in for putting a stop to all such processions—including bodies of Salvationists tramping about on Sundays with tambourine girls, and band of music ("Music! ye Gods!")—as have not received police permission for one occasion only.

Another Bill is wanted for dealing summarily with organ-grinders, street-singers, and all other similar disturbers of the peace, so that if a householder or some one acting as his agent, gives any of these nuisances into custody, a paper signed by him and the constable, shall be sufficient to warrant a conviction. Two sovereigns fine for first offence, imprisonment with hard labour for second, and for the third, perpetual banishment from England with the last penalty of the Law in case of their returning with the same deadly purpose in view; *i.e.*, the destruction of the peace and quiet of Her Majesty's subjects.

Also wanted, a Bill to fix certain spots outside a four-mile radius from Charing Cross, where any open-air public meeting may be held, of which the Commissioners of Police must receive at least a clear forty-eight hours' notice.

OUR ADVERTISERS. MUSICAL.

WHEN THE CHILDREN ARE AWAKE. By the Author of "*When the Children are Asleep.*" This thunderingly successful song which has almost reached its second edition, is now published in fifteen keys:—

"Ah! the smashing of every window-pane,
And the ink-spots scattered about like rain,
With a Babel fit to turn one's brain,
When the children are awake."

BLOWER AND CO.'S NEW SONGS.

THE CHIMBLEY-SWEEPER. BINSUTI.

I'VE LOVED YOU SINCE LAST TUESDAY WEEK. WALLINGS.

ONLY A SHILLING FARE! OWEN TOURS.

LET ME DINE AGAIN! LEAMINGTON WHITE.

OH! TAKE THIS TOOTHACHE BACK. SOLYMANS.

UPON THE JASPER STAIRS! This beautiful and thrilling and passionate song can be sung even with a bad influenza cold, with the most magnetic effect. The pathetic words of the refrain never failing to touch the hearts of the most humorously inclined drawing-room audience.

UPON THE JASPER STAIRS. Music by BARLOTTI. Words by JOHNSON BLAKE.

I passed the Agate gates, and, oh!
A vision wondrous sweet
Broke on my trancèd gaze, and so
I turned me to a seat.
I could not guess what they were at,
But someone unawares
Removed my chair; when, lo! I sat
Upon the Jasper stairs!

JABWICK AND LONGFORD'S NEW SONG. May be sung by anybody, anywhere, anyhow!

NEWHAVEN REST. The Publishers of the admirably touching song, "*The Last Omnibus,*" have much delight in astonishing the Public with another thrilling New Song by the same unrivalled Composer.

NEWHAVEN REST. By the Composer of "*The Last Omnibus.*" The merry bell is ringing gleefully for the departure of the vessel, and as the old man totters to the forepart to make, in company with his little grandchild, the cheaper Channel passage across from Dieppe, he looks anxiously beyond the pier-head, and fixes his gaze on the troubled sea outside with a gloomy stare.

NEWHAVEN REST. By the Composer of "*The Last Omnibus.*" His little grandchild has left him now to look at the Engines. The old man, still with a haggard gaze, expresses to the steward in dumb show, that he is feeling uncomfortable. The latter cheerily tells him that he had better "get below," and, helping him down the cabin-stairs, deposits him on a sofa.

NEWHAVEN REST. By the Composer of "*The Last Omnibus.*" But the old man stifles in the stuffiness beneath, and after much difficulty, is once more pushed up again on to the deck. He is prostrate on a heap of tarpaulins by the vessel's side, and his little grandchild notices that his face is green. When asked to pay his fare, he feebly shakes his head.

NEWHAVEN REST. By the Composer of "*The Last Omnibus.*" But all is now over. The vessel has entered the port, and as the old man, the rays of the setting sun gilding his somewhat dishevelled appearance, is staggering up the ladder for the shore, being quite off his head, he fancies he hears a choir of angel voices singing from the Refreshment Room the beautiful refrain—

"To stay below would have been best;
Still, here's Newhaven! You're at rest!"

A GENTLE DUSTMAN'S HEART. New Song, by the Composer of "*A Maiden Fair.*"

His costume may your taste surprise,
You may not like his cart;
But say, oh! why should you despise
A gentle Dustman's heart!

THE LOVE THAT LASTS A MONTH. By the Composer of "*I Laughed amid my Tears.*" Published in A, C, D, E flat, and seven sharps, and sent Post-free anywhere for Twopence.

Opinions of the Press:—"Sure to be popular in a well-managed lunatic asylum."—*The Wapping Jew's Harp.*

MR. PUNCH'S EXAMINATION PAPERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

CONVICTION has been borne in upon *Mr. Punch* of late that—whether from the engrossing nature of modern girls' and boys' occupations, or their preference for contemporary and realistic fiction—the study of Fairy Tale and nursery lore, is fast falling into neglect—if not (as is only too much to be feared) into positive contempt! The disadvantages to a child in after-life of having been allowed to grow up in complete, or even partial ignorance of so essential a branch of a liberal education are too obvious to be enumerated, and *Mr. Punch* is anxious to do all in his power to avert what he cannot but consider a national calamity.

In these days there is but one means of stimulating or reviving a flagging department of knowledge—we make it the subject of compulsory or competitive examination, and so *Mr. Punch*, reluctant as he is to incur the resentment of his young friends by proposing any addition to their doubtless numerous tasks, feels it a duty, nevertheless, to suggest to parents that no child should be allowed on any pretext in future to leave the Nursery for School, until it has passed creditably some such examination as is indicated below. It would not be necessary, of course, to require candidates to take up the *whole* of the works in question, which would perhaps impose too arduous study upon the younger generation. The best plan is to select such portions from each as will give the young students a fair general idea of the style and subject-matter of our greatest nursery classics.

Mr. Punch hopes that no parent will think it necessary to send his children to a "Nursery-Crammer" to be prepared for this examination, and that the use of an abstract, or "*memoria-technica*" will be discouraged as far as possible. It should be added that the candidate is expected to do these papers *without any books whatever* at his elbow, and that appeals to elder persons for their assistance should be met with stern and unflinching refusal.

The following questions, though searching, will not, *Mr. Punch* considers, prove too severe for students of any industry and intelligence.

(A) SET SUBJECTS:—

"Jack the Giant-Killer" (*first two chapters*).
"Puss in Boots" (*selected portions*).
"Aladdin" (*from commencement—to the Vanishing of the Magic Palace*).
"Bluebeard" (*the whole*).
"Sindbad the Sailor" (*Second Voyage only*).
"Ali Baba" and "The Babes in the Wood" (*selected portions*).

1. Mention and criticise the conduct of *Morgiana* after discovering the Forty Thieves in the Oil-jars.

2. Should you be inclined to call *Puss in Boots* a strictly truthful animal?

3. What were the circumstances that led *Cassim Baba* to the conclusion that *Ali* had suddenly become rich? What use did he make of his discovery?

4. Describe, as fully as you are able:—
   (*a*) *Bluebeard's* Chamber.
   (*b*) The halls and terrace where the Wonderful Lamp was found.
   (*c*) The chief physical and geographical features of the country at the top of the Beanstalk.

5. At about what time of the year did the *Babes in the Wood* perish? How do you fix this from internal evidence? Is it stated that they had eaten anything previously which was at all likely to disagree with them?

6. Sketch concisely the main incidents in the life of *Aladdin*, from the time he found the Magic Lamp to the disappearance of the Palace.

7. State all you know of *Cogia Buba*, *Haroun Alraschid*, *Alice*, the Mother of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, the *Marquis of Carabas*, *Sister Anne*, *Beauty's* Father, *Red Riding Hood's* Grandmother.

(B) CRITICAL AND GENERAL.

1. What is your opinion of the intelligence of Giants as a race? Of what substance were they in the habit of making their bread? Would you draw any and what distinction between (*a*) Giants and Giantesses, (*b*) Ogres and Ogresses, (*c*) a Mamma Ogress and her daughters?

2. What is a Roc? What do Rocs feed on? If you were on the edge of steep cliffs surrounding an inaccessible valley, strewn with diamonds and visited by Rocs,—how would you proceed in order to obtain some of those diamonds? Give the reply of the Slave of the Lamp to *Aladdin's* request that a roc's egg should be hung up in his dome.

3. Mention instances when (*a*) a *Wolf*, (*b*) a *Bear*, (*c*) a *Cat*, (*d*) a *Harp*, are recorded to have spoken, and give the substance of their remarks, when possible, in each case.

4. Write down the name of any hero you can remember who suffered inconvenience from (*a*) the imprudence, (*b*) the disobedience, of his wife.

5. How would you act if you were invited to go to a party on the opposite side of the way, and had nothing to go in but a pair of Seven-Leagued Boots? Compare the drawbacks and advantages of going to a State Ball in glass slippers.

6. State which family you would rather belong to: One in which there was (i.) a Wicked Uncle, (ii.) an Envious Sister, (iii.) a Jealous Brother, or (iv.) a Cruel Stepmother? Give your reasons, and illustrate them by examples. How many Wicked Uncles do you remember to have read of? Are Wicked Uncles ever sorry, and, if so, when?

7. Give any instances that occur to you where it is stated that the chief personages of the story "all lived happily ever afterwards." Are there any exceptions to this rule?

(C) PANTOMIME PAPER. (*Optional, and for those Students only who may decide to "take up" this branch of the subject.*)

1. Did the manners, language, and general deportment of the various Kings and Queens you have seen in Pantomimes correspond at all with what you had expected them to be from the books?

2. Mention any fairy tale in which (1) long ballets, (2) allusions to subjects in last year's papers, (3) jokes about "drinks" and "pawn-tickets," (4) comic duets which you didn't quite understand, and (5) men dressed up in women's clothes, occur. Mention (if you can) any Pantomime in which they do *not*.

3. Were you surprised to hear at Drury Lane that the King who befriended the *Marquis of Carabas* was originally a Potman? Do you remember this in the original text?

4. Why do you suppose that the Wicked Brothers in this year's Pantomime were frightened by green snakes, pink lizards, and enormous frogs? Did their own explanation that they had "the jumps" convey much to your mind? Did this scene make you laugh?

5. Give as clear and intelligible an account as you are able of the story of any one Pantomime you have been to, mentioning where—if at all—it departed from the version you have studied, and whether or not you considered such departures (if any) to be improvements.

6. Investigate the principal peculiarities of Pantomime Animals. How do they chiefly differ from other animals? Describe the effect of kindness upon a Pantomime Donkey, and account for it.

N.B.—Not more than four questions need be attempted in each of the above Papers. Candidates are advised not to leave any question unattempted from a mere inability to answer every part of such question.

AT THE VAUDEVILLE.—*Heart of Hearts* offered but little attraction to the public, so Mr. THORNE is trying upon them the *Fascination* of Miss JAY and Mr. BUCHANAN. What will be the Manager's next step? *Pas de Fascination?*

BALLAD OF BATHYBIUS.

"*Bathybius*, a name given by Professor HUXLEY to a gelatinous substance found at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, and at first supposed to be a formless mass of living protoplasm, but now regarded as an inorganic precipitate."—*The Dictionary.* "*Bathybius*, from two Greek words meaning the 'deep,' and 'the life.'"—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

I.

"A MERMAID I," she said, with modest mien,
"In Ocean's caves I stray."
HUXLEIUS viewed her with a glance serene,
And answered, "So you say.

"'Tis an opinion I can hardly share;
Yet, should you court renown,
I'll have you labelled, *This side up, with care*,
And send you off to Town.

"For, if a being does exist at all
In Earth, or Air, or Sea,
It's very certain to be *natural*,
Whatever else it be."

"Observe," she said, "my tail with pearls bestrown,
Green eyes, and locks of blue!"
"I *do* observe," he answered, "and I own
These objects meet my view.

"But yet, without one thousand witnesses,—
Pray do not think me rude,—
Science and I must doubt if you possess
Relative certitude."

She smiled; a subtle influence seemed to flow
About him from the sea.
"As I'm an F.R.S.," he murmured low,
"She's hypnotising me!

"You must remember that I still retain
My judgment in suspense,
Subjective visions will appear in vain——"
Then clouded grew his sense.

II.

HUXLEIUS in a pallid light awoke
On a dim cavern's floor,
And on his ear a murmur moaned and broke,
Like the long Ocean's roar.

It was the voice of his Bathybius,
Out of the gulf of Time—
"I'm *not* 'the new Moner,'—you named me thus—
I'm just old *Chevy Slyme*.

"If I submit to being overhauled,
I'll know the reason why;
Sulphate of lime I am; that's what I'm called.
I never told a lie!"

Chorus of Mermaids.

Sulphate of lime he is; that's what he's called.
He never told a lie!

"You need not look for germ of life in *me*,
We all know what we are.
I'm not organic, and don't mean to be:
You carried it too far!

"I'm not the thing with which you make a fuss
No more than I'm a Guelph.
Don't think of calling *me* Bathybius.
Bathybius yourself!"

Chorus of Mermaids.

Don't think of calling *him* Bathybius,
Bathybius yourself!

"*Bios* is 'life,' and *bathus* stands for 'low,'
And low enough I rate
Ascribing life to what you ought to know
Is just 'precipitate.'"

* * * *

Then ceased the low-voiced murmur of the sea,
Ceased the Mermaiden's song,
And great HUXLEIUS woke, and knew that he
For once was in the wrong.

But whether he'll be wise in days to come,
Or err another time,
Ascribing life—'twere better to be dumb—
To inorganic slime,

Is just the point on which we have a doubt!
Fled from the Mermaid's chasm,
He seems cocksure and very pleased about
His old friend, Protoplasm.

And yet we cannot share his honest pride.
A doctrine oft miscarries.
His Protoplasm may be ranked beside
Our old friend, *Mrs. Harris.*

A WANT AND NO SUPPLY.

MR. PUNCH, Sir,—Why should not the old days of Evans's Supper Rooms be revived? Yes, we know Clubs have increased and multiplied since the days when PADDY GREEN flourished. Clubs were called and Clubs have turned up. But Evans's is another matter altogether.

The Theatres are certainly not over earlier than they used to be, and after the excitement of a drama and the atmosphere of gas, nature is exhausted and requires what it cannot obtain anywhere really comfortably, though there is a notable exception to this at Rule's, in Maiden Lane; that is, if Rule's can be an exception. Even here if there be a crush and a rush, the hungriest and thirstiest are not served first, and if you only arrive at 11·30, on a crowded night, you find you have become a waiter instead of a customer, and just when you are beginning to enjoy the long expected whatever-it-is, the warning stroke of 12·30 tells you "Time's up!" and within a quarter of an hour "out you go," with a digestion in about as indifferent a state as was *Hamlet's* Father's conscience when its owner was hurried out of this wicked world.

We mention this exception, if exception it be, as the only one with which we are personally acquainted. But Evans's was something more than a mere supper-room, it was *the* place *par excellence* for glee-singing (at an hour when it comes in pleasantly enough, which it doesn't at dinner-time) part-songs and ballads. It was the place *par excellence* for a chop and potatoes in their jackets, (we were in jackets ourselves when we first tasted these luxuries) a small steak, devilled bones, grilled chicken and a cool tankard of stout. Only the male sex were admitted, and in spite of there being no charge for entrance (we are speaking of "long, long ago,") the company was orderly and comparatively select. Why shouldn't some enterprising caterer take such a place in hand? And before securing suitable premises not too large—Evans's came to grief when it was enlarged and admitted the feminine element,—in the classic neighbourhood of Covent Garden, let him apply to the Police Authorities to grant the establishment tentatively for three years, say a licence with extension of time up to 2 A.M., on condition that only glees, part-songs, and ballads are performed, that the glees for which boys' voices are required, shall cease at 11·30, and that to no part of the building (the innovation commenced with private boxes at Evans's, *consule Paddy*) shall any of the female sex be admitted. The seclusion must be as strict as that of a Monastery. 'Twill be like a little Evans's below, a Paradise without an Eve of dissolution in it.

We present this notion in the rough to London and the Provinces generally. Country Cousins always formed a strong contingent at Evans's, and its revival concerns the visitors to London equally with Londoners. There is much to be urged in its favour: and not much against it. You, *Mr. Punch*, remembering the jovial round table in the corner, the cheery, sociable, and harmonious evenings, and seeing that a considerable and influential class are dissatisfied with Music Halls, will, we are sure, give us your vote and interest, if we can proceed any further in this matter. Let our cry be, "Arouse ye then, my merry, merry men!" and so we, that is my inseparable companion and myself, beg to sign ourselves, Your old friends,

The Roost. "CHOUGH AND CROW" (LIMITED).

THE BUSY B.'S.

"The BANCROFTS have hit upon a taking title for their reminiscences. It is *Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft On and Off the Stage: written by Themselves.*"—*St. James's Gazette.*

How doth the little Busy B.'s,
Improve each shining hour,
By writing reminiscences,
With literary power.
Their honey (pathos, humour, fun,
They 've stored on memory's shelves;
It will be read by everyone.
Though writ quite "by Themselves."

Most people "by themselves" are dull,
But when this sees the light,
The volumes will, we're sure, be full
Of all that's nice and bright.
"*Mister and Mrs. Bancroft, On*
And Off the Stage,"—to this
Add "*Written by Themselves.*" Just con
This title,—what's amiss?

"What's in a name?" a precious lot.
In *this* name if you please,
The very thing for them I've got,
Call it "The Busy B.'s."
Or else "Two B.'s," or not "Two B.'s:"
But there, the matter's small;
I'm sure their reminiscences,
Will pleasure give to all.

SYMBOLICAL.

[During a certain annual religious ceremony at Petersburgh, the CZAR appeared "bare-headed."]

ADVICE TO SOCIALISTS AND COMMUNISTS.—"Act always on the Square." Only, mind, not on Trafalgar Square.

ROBERT AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY BALL.

I WUNDERS if ennybody as has never seen it, ever got within say a hundred miles or so of ewer imadgining the site of about a thowsand bootiful children, more or less, all bootifully drest in lovely outlandish costooms, all looking the werry picter of appyness, and all dancing to bootiful music, or marching round in state, or a setting in a great circle on the floor of the great City Palace of Delite, a gazing and a larfing, with that little merry larf that belongs so naterally to little children when they're all drest in their new clothes, at their old favrite *Punch and Judy*, and ewen encurridging *Mr. Punch* in his owdacious behawiour. In my fortnit persition of coarse I've seed about everything as is to be seen of a grand or scrumptious charackter, but I never has no doubt as the Children's Fancy Dress Ball at the Manshun House beats the lot in a canter and the rest nowheres.

Weather it was the cold fog or not of course I don't know, but the little darlings soon came a dropping into the refreshment room and a drinking most copiously of lemonade and consumin the spunge cakes with great wigour. One yung feller, all drest in nice warm white flannel, and with about as pretty a little face as I ever seed, and who I was told had cum all the way from Canterberry, acshally arsked me for a glass of Shampane, but werry properly added, "put some water in it, please, as I don't want to get tite!" Bless his careful little art, much he knowed about that misterry. With the wallyable assistance the little dears receeved from their Pars and Mars they kept us all werry well employed 'till supper-time, when of course I assended to the upper regions to attend to my more serious dootys.

I got a peep from the Gallery of the grand march round of the children, which was the gem of the evening, as ushal. I shood have liked to have had it all over agin, but of course I didn't dare shout tout ancore, or they might have all looked up at me, and how shood I have felt under such trying suckemstances!

There was a smart young chap strutting about, werry andsumly drest as King CHARLES THE 2ND, as he told me hisself, and a gent, who must have bin jist a little behind hand in his Natral History, arsked him how he could be a warking about after his head was cut off? But he was quite ekal to the occasion, and said, "That wasn't me; that was my Father; and there he stands," pinting to a ancient Common Counsilman who was filling up his lezzure time by drinking sum champane cup.

The Gentlemen of the Press mustard uncommon strong, and expreat their opinons as to the supper and the wines with great freedom and wollobility, and I was pleased to hear from sitch xperienced Critics that it was all fust rate, speshally the Bore's Hed and the Mum. A natral fear keeps my umbel pen quiet, or I shoud much like to menshun the names of jest a few. But there was jest a rather wildish look about one of them as showed how thoroughly he injoyed the seen, while another seemed to feel that he had to bear the whole world on his broad shoulders. But they are a ginial set, and always werry civil to a poor Waiter.

Praps the most poplar and suttenly the most owdacious part of the hole proceedings, was the sham Lord Mare's percession. It was that bootiful got up, and gone through with that degree of sollemnity, that was most credditable to all the yung Hacters and their Pars nd Mars, whose sons and dorters I'm told as they all was, tho' hem's misterrys as is not rewealed to Waiters, no, not even to Hed uns. But what spiled the hole effect to me was the sollem thort that we was acshally looking at, and all a clappin our hands at, a burlesk of that amost sacred hinstitushun, a Lord Mare's Perssession! How the ribbold jester wood have rejoyced, supposing such a irreverent fust class miscreant had intruded hisself into that Agipshun All of splender! I trembled as I red the accounts in the nex day's papers. But no; they past it by without no snear.

As I've bin a studying the French Tung lately, I thort as I'd try my skill upon a yung French Gent, with his waste jest under his arm-pits; so, after he had drunk a glass of Shampane Cup, I says to him quite boldly, "Ancore du Shampane Cup, yung Mossoo?" At which he larfed and said, "We, Gassong!" quite nateral.

I was a good deal surprized at one of the jewvenile royal pussonidges, a King, or a Erl, or summat of that sort, a asking me for sum of that sossidge meat, and a pinting to a Bore's Hed! But in coarse even jewvenile Kings or Erls carnt know everythink. I remembers the late Sword Bearer telling me, with a shudder, that wunce upon a time, when he was atending in state upon a Lord Mare who was a going to call on the Prince of WHALES at Marlboro Ouse, as they were all a waiting for his Royal Iness in the All, little Prinse GEORGE came into the Gallery, and when he saw the Sword Bearer in his grand Fur Cap of State, pinted at him, and said, quite lowd, "Oh, wot a funny Old Man!" The Sword Bearer, like the trew gennelman he was, tho much hurt in his feelinx, as he told me he was, took no notice of the hinsult, but forguv him at wunce. Praps you've eard this afore? Well, it bears retelling.

I didn't notice quite so much diffrence as I should natrally have xpected between the style of dancing of the royal and noble pussonages, and them of humble degree, such as shepperdesses and pezzants, but they suttenly all injoyed theirselves up to the werry larst, and when the fatal hour of midnight struck 12, they seemed no more tired than did the geenial LORD MARE and his hansum Lady, who had receeved ewerybody, and noticed ewerybody, and made ewerybody feel theirselves quite at tome, tho they was at the sillebrated City Pallis.

ROBERT.

TÆDIUM MEDICUM;

Or, What, if it doesn't Stop, it will come to in the "Times" of 1889.

SIR,—I have read attentively now every day for one year and three months the six columns of controversy at first vindictive, then libellous, then scurrilous, and in these last times beyond all bounds frantic, between the two rival schools of treatment that you have persistently kept publishing for the benefit of your numerous readers. The result of the perusal of this correspondence upon me has been this. I have registered a solemn vow that under no complication of diseases to which I might suddenly fall a victim would I ever again "call in" a medical adviser of any profession or school whatever. No, Sir, I have determined to leave Dame Nature to do her best or worst with me according as it may please her own sweet will. Anything I feel would be better than to hand one's body over to be juggled with by this screaming crew, who in chorus denouncing each other as quacks, liars, thieves, mountebanks, and cut-throats, have fairly and finally scared out of their arena and, I trust, for ever beyond their reach, Your obedient but reflective servant,

A STAGGERED LAYMAN.

SIR,—One word more in answer to that just-created peer, GRIMTHORPE. I did not, as he malevolently and with malice aforethought argues, state that if you threw a bottle of stout into a gasometer full of ginger-beer you would not "detect it." What I did say was that I would defy anybody with his eyes blind-folded to *taste* it. This is the 177th time I have had to correct this scandalous, outrageous, and scurrilous perversion of truth in the course of the present controversy. Need I say I am sick of it.

I am your obedient servant, J. C. B.

SIR,—One word to supplement my yesterday's letter, in which I flatter myself I once more gave it hot to "J. C. B." and to all the other bigoted, orthodox vampires who are yelping the same tune with him. If I did not fairly flay them and put them and their perjured nonsense into pickle after, all I can say is I don't know what more they can want. Stay, though—I must not forget what I had to say. It is this. If any one of the A. champions still wants to have it out with me, let him come down here to me in Yorkshire (where my family has been settled for more than fifty years), and I shall be happy and eager to give him as good an argument or two as he could wish—*with a horsewhip.*

Yours, &c., GRIMTHORPE.

*** This correspondence must now close.—ED.

NEW STATUE FOR TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—That of Justice CHARLES as companion to King CHARLES.

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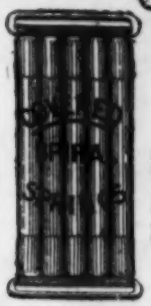

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